

THE WASHINGTON TIMES

FRANK A. MUNSEY

PUBLICATION OFFICE, Tenth and D Streets.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES TO OUT OF TOWN POINTS, POSTAGE PREPAID:

MORNING EDITION, one year, \$5; six months, \$2.50; three months, \$1.25. Morning and Sunday, one year, \$7; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$1.75. Sunday edition only, one year, \$2; six months, \$1; three months, 50 cents.

EVENING EDITION, one year, \$3; six months, \$1.50; three months, 75 cents. Evening and Sunday, one year, \$5; six months, \$2.50; three months, \$1.25. Morning, Evening, and Sunday, one year, \$10; six months, \$5; three months, \$2.50.

Any person who cannot buy the Morning, Afternoon, or Sunday Edition of The Times on any news stand in Washington, in suburban towns, on railroad trains, or elsewhere, will confer a favor by notifying the Publisher of The Times, Corner Tenth and D Sts., Washington, D. C.

PUT THE WIRES UNDERGROUND.

Everybody is agreed that one of the most disfiguring features of our beautiful city is the network of overhead wires. True, it is not as much in evidence as it was some years ago. A great many wires have been placed underground, but enough are still in the air to call for an energetic and comprehensive abatement of the evil.

It is understood, of course, that an opportunity must be afforded the different companies owning these wires to place them in proper underground conduits, and it is precisely on this point that careful legislation is required. Under present conditions the residents in certain sections of the city are deprived of the opportunity to install in their homes either telephone or electric light service, simply because the conduits do not extend to these localities, and the permission for overhead construction is consistently withheld by the District authorities.

It would seem that the bill drawn by the District Commissioners and now pending before the District committee of Congress fully covers the essential features of the subject, and aims at the elimination of the overhead nuisance with the least possible detriment to the interests involved and the widest possible benefits to the people immediately affected. It is of especial importance that the extension of electrical conduits, such as telephones and lights, should be placed within reach of persons living within the fire limits of the District, and that the construction of conduits should not be circumscribed by the old boundaries of the city of Washington. The remedial legislation contemplated by the Commissioners' bill cannot come too quickly.

RURAL FREE DELIVERY IN VIRGINIA.

In common with other States Virginia is to have the benefit of the rural free delivery system wherever and whenever the rural population makes application for the service. To anyone who has experienced the inconvenience incident to the semi-occasional delivery of mail matter in districts lying at some distance from the highways of travel and commerce this innovation in the postal service must appear an inestimable boon. It would be remarkable if the rural population of the Old Dominion did not take advantage of the opportunity now presented.

There is another phase of the subject, and it is intimately connected with the advancement of the material interests of the State. It is a well established fact that the more extended the mail facilities of a certain region the greater the impetus to trade. The question, therefore, of the widest possible diffusion of postal arrangements is one which bears not only upon the convenience of the people served, but also, and in a more important degree, upon the opportunities for advantageous commerce.

It is somewhat surprising to learn that comparatively few applications for the establishment of rural free delivery service have thus far been made by the country population of the Old Dominion, but it cannot be doubted that before long they will see and appreciate the benefits that will accrue to them by bringing even the most distant and comparatively inaccessible points in touch with the mail carrier.

WHERE THE COST OF LIVING IS FELT.

An economist proves by statistics that the increase in the cost of living which comes with hard times is felt most by the office class—the clerks and the bookkeepers, and the men who live on stated salaries, which do not increase when the cost of the necessities of life goes up. It is stated that the mechanic who is skillful and competent can always find work, while his son, educated to a "gentleman's profession," is liable to be out of a job. The moral seems to be that mechanics should disregard foolish social prejudices and educate their sons to follow trades.

There is sense in this from an economic point of view, but the force of the argument, as in all arguments of this sort, is weakened by one potent fact. The people who are most earnest in giving this advice do not follow it themselves, or even pretend to.

One finds a lady earnestly advising young girls in factories to go into service, and not mind foolish social prejudice. Why should a girl who will have to work all her life mind whether she works in a kitchen, a shop, or her own home? The fact is, however, that she does mind. It is also a fact that the same lady who gives this advice would be heartbroken if one of her own daughters did anything which would injure her eligibility for marriage in her own class.

We find men calling other men fools on account of their unwillingness to follow trades instead of working in offices. But the fool who keeps his business together on borrowed money and false representations, rather than live in an unfashionable neighborhood or curtail any of his expenses, is about as bad, after all, as the fool who covets for his son a clerical or professional life instead of one amid machinery and grime. It is a case of social prejudice in both. Of course, the thoroughly independent and sensible man will consult his self-respect and his real interest before the opinions of his neighbors, but such men are not so very common anywhere.

CURRENT PRESS COMMENT.

Advice to Go Away Back.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat—Adlai Stevenson advises the Democrats to go back to 1856 if they want to win in 1904. This is hardly enough of a retreat. His party once went back to '73 and fell short. It would be better to select a period antecedating James Buchanan.

Rest, Perturbed Spirit, Rest!

Buffalo Express—The House Committee on Naval Affairs has earned the thanks of the country. It has reported adversely all bills calculated to revive the Schley case.

Parliamentary Language.

New York Press—Henceforth, in England as well as America, "parliamentary language" will serve as a synonym for probability.

Laid Up for Repairs.

Mexican Herald—The German language has had a sad twist given it recently in the United States. German grammarians and lexicographers will have to put it in shape again.

The Fly in the Ointment.

Syracuse Evening Herald—The only thing which mars the Englishman's pleasure at J. Pierpont Morgan's declaration that he may bring over his Columbia to race them next season is the fear that while he is over there he may decide to buy a few more steamship lines.

The Greatest Victory.

Nashville American—It is reported that Sir Thomas Lipton is going to marry an American girl—he has found something over here that he can lift.

No Cause for Tears.

Brooklyn Citizen—If the greedy and heartless combination that seized all the eggs in the country and cold-stored them for a rise at the opening of the winter, has been caught financially by the sudden coming of spring, there will be no mourners at their funeral.

Not Yet Out of the Woods.

Hartford Courant—The rejoicing over the Senate committee's favorable report on the Hepburn canal bill should not be too premature. The Panama canal may not be the only card the transcontinental railroad interests tucked away up their coat-sleeves last December.

Spain's Only Statesman.

Boston Journal—It is reported from Madrid that Senor Sagasta is being elbowed out of the Spanish Ministry. If Spain wishes to depose about the only statesman she has left who enjoys worldwide respect and confidence, no one is likely to suffer but herself.

Rag Time Tunes.

Milwaukee Sentinel—"Living in the Barn" and other popular ballads, by William J. Bryan.

Tongues of the British Empire.

A compilation of considerable interest has been brought out by Dr. R. N. Chisholm, L. B., the well-known Oriental scholar. It takes the form of a complete list of the languages and dialects spoken and written in the British empire at the close of the nineteenth century.

The total number of these is 284, of which eighty-five are furnished by Asia, fifty-eight by Africa and thirty by Oceania. Among the tongues included in this list are many which are decidedly unfamiliar to the "man in the street." India, for example, furnishes Bhovar (Chitral), Korha (Assam), and Lepcha (Tibet frontier); then from the Celebes Islands comes Affnor; from the islands of Zanzibar Pokomo; from Sierra Leone Bullom, and from the Niger territory Igbara.

The language spoken in the Hudson Bay district is called Kri, in New Brunswick Malisee, and in British Guiana Arawak. In the Friendly Islands the inhabitants speak another, a Merry Christmas in Tonga, while at Port Moresby they do so in Roro.—London News.

IMPORTANT CHANGES MADE BY THE NEW CODE.

By HOWARD BOYD, Attorney and Counselor At Law.

The new District code makes some important changes in the form and manner of executing wills of personal property, and raises a very serious question as to the validity of some wills and the effectiveness of provisions of others which were made before January 1, 1902.

Prior to the time the code went into effect a will of personal property need not be attested and subscribed by witnesses. The code, however, provides that wills of real estate and personal property alike be in writing, signed by the testator, and attested and subscribed in his presence by at least two credible witnesses, and the section which contains these provisions concludes with the words "any former law or usage to the contrary notwithstanding."

As wills made prior to January 1, 1902, are neither expressly nor by implication excepted they are beyond doubt annulled by these provisions, unless attested and subscribed by at least two witnesses, and in every other particular conform to the requirements thereof, even though they may have been valid under the law existing when made.

A more doubtful question, and one probably affecting larger interests, is whether a will conforming in every respect to the requirements of the code, but executed prior to January 1, 1902, has the force to pass real estate acquired by the testator after the date of the making of the will, even though it express such an intention.

This question is highly technical, and the members of the bar entertain widely different views concerning it, but all agree that it is sufficiently uncertain to warrant careful attention.

The courts are always strongly inclined to uphold wills executed according to existing law, but the great weight of both principle and authority is to the effect that the validity is determined by the law in force when the will becomes operative, and it is well settled that the Legislature has full power to alter the law as to their validity, and to require additional formalities in their execution, although it have the effect of annulling existing wills.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

Spring is all very well, but some of the poetry about it needs revision. It is not all that it is popularly supposed to be by the poets, especially in the city.

For instance, there are the things which have been said about the fragrance in the air of early Spring. There may be fragrance, but that is not the term usually applied to the odors which salute one's nostrils as the air grows warm. They are spreading fertilizer over all the parks in town, for one thing. Also microbes which have been sluggish during the winter's cold, and germs which have been quiescent when frost was in the air, wake up and begin to walk and fly when the warm weather comes.

The bird of spring may be the skylark in England, but in this country he is the crow. Moreover, people who own parrots take advantage of the first sunny days to hang those birds out on the porches, where they emit discordant screeches at intervals. The parrot is the bird of spring in the boarding house region.

Then there is the tradition of spring vintners—early maple sugar, for example. The real truth is that Vermont maple sugar which is sold at this time of the year is last year's sugar with some West India product mixed in. In Vermont winter is still in possession of the premises and the farmers have only just begun to boil down the sap. They will not put sugar on the market for a week yet, and when they do it will probably be saved to use next spring, and mixed with brown sugar so that the product will taste like sorghum.

The thrill of spring is the poet's stock in trade, but suppose it is a thrill of rheumatism? Is there supposed to be anything poetic about that? Suppose it is rheumatism—is any man going to stop and write poetry on sciatica, or is he going to reach for the liniment bottle?

The truth is that spring is a little—just a little—overrated.

UNDER THE CAPITOL DOME.

Constituents Want Seed.

The annual scramble for seeds has begun at the Capitol. All the committees have their seeds. The Committee on Agriculture is supplied by the Agricultural Department with an especially lavish hand. Senator Proctor's rooms look like a feed store with vast piles of sacks and packages in all corners, and even in the middle of its floors. A constant stream of people flows in and out in quest of "Fancy," "ten-cents' stock," "Sweet William," "Sweet Peas," and "Nasturtium (dwarf mixed)."

There is no demand for vegetable seed, but every one at the Capitol, and many from outside, are untiring in their efforts to get "sweet abyssum," "balsam," "canna," "maillardia," and "Larkspur." The appropriation for seed this year is larger than it was last, and it will be needed.

The Laugh on Mr. Cummings.

Representative Cummings acquired a bit of information the other day at the expense of a little embarrassment to himself. Mr. Cummings is the ranking Democratic member on Naval Affairs and is supposed to be very well informed upon matters pertaining to this branch of the service. He is also a member of the Committee on Labor. Mr. Archibald Johnson, of the Bethlehem Steel Works, was a witness before the latter committee several days ago in opposition to the eight-hour law.

Mr. Johnson made the statement that under the operations of such a statute it would be almost impossible for his concern to turn out cannon and armor plate according to the specifications furnished by the Government and under the rigid inspection. He explained that it was very difficult for a man or a set of men to convey casting guns, armor or heavy masses of steel begun by another set of employees.

"Don't you know," asked Mr. Cummings, "that the Government makes its own cannon under the eight-hour law?" "No, I did not know that," replied Mr. Johnson, pleasantly. "It assumes the most important parts of the gun at the navy yard and puts them together, but I was not aware that the Government manufactured cannon."

Mr. Cummings turned to ex-Secretary Herbert, who was present, to bear out his statement, but Mr. Herbert was forced to admit that Mr. Johnson was correct and to say that the castings and forgings came from the Carnegie and Bethlehem works.

"I thought as Mr. Cummings did until I visited the navy yard," interrupted Chairman Gardner, "but there I discovered, greatly to my surprise, that the Government no more makes cannon than a horse breaker raises horses."

The laugh was on Mr. Cummings, and he could do nothing but accept the situation gracefully. He admitted that he had learned something.

Train Never Moved.

Senator Wellington had an experience with a sleeping car porter the other day which will tend to make him liberal with his tips to porters in the future. The story is told at the Capitol as one of the funniest incidents in the life of a United States Senator.

It was during the bad storm early in the present month, when the trains to the West were running badly or not running at all. Senator Wellington boarded a train with a bit of postbag for Cumberland, Md., and a sleeping car ticket. He went to bed after telling the porter to wake him up when Cumberland was reached.

The next morning, upon awaking, he looked out of the window. At first he did not recognize his surroundings and was afraid he had gotten to Cincinnati or some other point a long way beyond his destination. The train was at a standstill. At last it dawned on him that he was still in Washington. He called to the porter and the things he said are reported to have exceeded the rigid rules of parliamentary language.

"You told me to wake you when we got to Cumberland," the darkey finally interjected, "and we ain't got there yet, boss."

Mr. Patterson's Dialectic Difficulties.

Senator Patterson has difficulty with the word "necessary." He had occasion to use it frequently during the past week in the debate on the bill for the protection of the President, in which he took an active part.

Senator Patterson is an Irishman, and at times a slight brogue crops into his speech. The other day he began a sentence with the statement that a man who should advise the killing of the President, if the advice were followed, might be considered an accessory before the fact, and he placed the accent on the third syllable. Later in the same sentence he had occasion to use the same word again, and he pronounced it this time in the English fashion.

Still After Anarchists.

Senator Hawley would still give a thousand dollars for a good shot at an anarchist, but after he made his memorable speech on the subject the other day he thought the matter over very carefully and decided that in print, and in the final form of the "Record," some modification, or at least qualification of his statement would be necessary. As the Senator made the remark it was:

"I would give a thousand dollars for a good shot at an anarchist."

As it appears in the "Record" it is: "I would give a thousand dollars for a good shot at an anarchist about to commit his infamous crime."

Public Baths.

A curious revelation has been made concerning the city of New York. It has over two millions of people and only one public bath. This bath is on Livingston Street and accommodates seventy-seven bathers at a time. And there are persons who say that the tenement house people might at least keep clean.

It may be said, of course, that a considerable proportion of the houses in New York have bathrooms and that, anyhow, a bathroom is not absolutely a necessity of cleanliness, since such a thing was not known to the majority of people in our grandfathers' times. This is true, and it is also true that a hundred years ago bathing was not nearly as common as it is now, and that some of the great people of the French and English courts probably would not be allowed in public society today if they were alive, unless they paid more attention to keeping clean than they did then. Benjamin Franklin encountered considerable opposition and ridicule when he began to preach the gospel of cleanliness, and there were those who went so far as to say that it was not healthy for people to use as much soap and water as he would have them use.

Nowadays, however, the bathroom, or some reasonably convenient substitute, is almost a necessity to health. It has been argued that in the crowded condition of the average tenement a bathroom would entail increased rent, which the tenant could not afford to pay. In that case the lack should be supplied by public baths in crowded districts. There is some excuse for people who do not keep clean when water is scarce where they are, but there is not much for the men who build houses without sufficient water supply and then revile the tenants for not overcoming the obstacles they themselves put in the way of cleanliness and decency.

Limburger.

The health officer of Louisville, Ky., has forbidden the freedom of the city to Limburger cheese. He says that it is unsanitary and full of microbes. And he does not stop here.

He has carried his investigations so far as to attempt the examination of a piece of this cheese under the magnifying glass, and he declares that the cheese would not stay still long enough to be examined. When food gets to that point of activity the health officer believes it to be unsafe to allow it to town.

The people who like Limburger, however, aver that there are microbes in everything, and that a few more or a few less should not be considered cause for barring otherwise respectable and healthful food out of the community. As for the smell, they think that if they can eat the article other people ought not to mind having a sniff of it now and then. That is the opinion of persons who eat raw onions and other eccentric things.

But these views are not shared by the non-Limburger eaters, if such a phrase may be coined, and the problem therefore reduces itself to the question which of these parties shall be allowed to impose its views on the other. Shall those who like cheese be allowed to eat cheese at any time they like, and subject the rest of the community to the infliction of the smell? Shall those to whom the smell of cheese of marked characteristics is an abomination be forced to live in a cheese-pervaded community—may, even be compelled to see their children acquiring the cheese habit and squandering their money and the night hours over a luncheon of Limburger cheese, pretzels, and beer?

On the other hand, is it right to insult people who like Limburger, have been brought up on Limburger, and educated to consider Limburger one of the necessities of life—is it right to pass a law which implies that the bringing up of these people has been all wrong and pernicious? It seems to be a deadlock on the prohibition question.

Random Gatherings.

"Permit Me, Dear Alphonse."

"The Alphonse and Gaston habit takes up more of my time than any other single idiosyncrasy of patrons of this wet goods shop," said the "barkeep" at a swell downtown buffet.

"Of course, you know what I refer to. One man who has the coin and the coin doesn't want to, comes in with a candidate for liquid nourishment. Then the polite side-stepping begins."

"Won't you have a drink, my dear Alphonse," says Mr. Man to the friend.

"Oh, no; what will you have? This is on me, my dear Gaston," says the other.

"Pardon me, but I intended to buy this, my dear Alphonse," says the other, making a bluff at taking out some money.

"I beg you to desist from that notion, my dear Gaston," says the other, making a similar face pocket dredging expedition.

"All this time I am standing behind the mahogany waiting for their order. After a three or four minute overpolite conversation I get the order that a dime passed into the cashier's hand and the other and two beers is the subpoena I get."

Secretary Shaw's Spring Poem.

"I heard the woodpecker peck, and heard the sapsucker sing. I rose and looked out of my window, and lo! it was spring."

Secretary Shaw had a brilliant realization of the fact that it was spring last Friday, when the sun smiled more genial on Washington than it has since groundhog day. Nearly everyone who called at his office in the Treasury Building was greeted with the foregoing quatrain, and a smile and a handshake from the new keeper of the keys of the national strong box.

As it approached 11 o'clock Secretary Shaw tucked a few papers under his arm and walked over to the White House slowly. He delivered the rhyme to a few newspaper men in the corridor, and then passed into the Cabinet room and repeated the operation for the benefit of the other Cabinet officers.

Funston to the President.

The most amusing story that has fitted around the houses of legislators for some little time is the recital of a fictitious conversation between President Roosevelt and General Funston.

The President was most cordial in his welcome to the Kansas soldier, and invited him to stay to luncheon.

According to the fabricator the two engaged in a long conversation after luncheon.

"Funston, I'd like to have you ride with me this afternoon," the President is quoted as saying.

"I don't particularly care to ride," replied Funston, "but if you don't mind we will go down and swim across the Potomac."

DOINGS IN THE WORLD OF SOCIETY.

Dinner to Prominent Guests Given by M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, Last Night.

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor Celebrates His Thirty-seventh Birthday Surrounded by Friends at Dinner—Dance for Young People to Be Given Early Easter Week.

Entertained by Mrs. Roosevelt.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt entertained last night Tomas Estrada Palma, President-elect of the Cuban Republic; Diego Camaya, Gonzales Quesada, Secretary Root, Bellamy Storer, Minister to Spain, and Mrs. Storer, and Gen. Leonard Wood.

There was no formal discussion of Cuban questions during dinner, but the conversation between the President and his guests naturally related largely to the affairs in the island.

The dinner was given in the private dining room of the White House.

French Ambassador Entertains.

The French Ambassador entertained at dinner last night, when his guests included the Belgian Minister and Baroness Moncheur, the Assistant Secretary of State and Mrs. Hill, the Counselor of the French Embassy and Mme. de Margerie, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, Colonel and Mrs. Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. De Koven, Mrs. Hutchins, Mrs. Vashworth, Miss Merriam, Miss De Smirnov, the Minister from Switzerland, M. Chartrand, Senator Clark, and Mr. Winthrop.

Dinner and Lawn Party.

Mr. Sol Berliner, United States Consul at Tenerife, Canary Islands, and his wife, formerly Miss Jennie Ottenberg, of this city, gave a dinner and lawn party March 2 to the officers of the United States man-of-war Dixie at their Moorish home, facing the sea. The house was draped with American flags and hung with Japanese lanterns. Mrs. Berliner received in a toilette of black lace and chiffon over sea green silk.

Guests of Mrs. Morris.

Dr. and Mrs. Loring Blanchard Mullen, formerly of this city, but now of New York, are visiting the latter's mother, Mrs. Rebecca Burr Morris, at 1615 Riggs Place. Mrs. Mullen will be at home informally Saturday afternoon, March 29, and will be pleased to see her friends.

Visiting Her Parents.

Mrs. George W. Sheridan, of Bridgeport, Conn., is visiting the city, renewing the friendships of her youth. For a brief period she will remain at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Perkins, at 633 Morris Street northeast.

Progressive Euchre Party.

On last Thursday evening Mr. Louis L. Harding entertained a number of friends at progressive euchre at his home on Massachusetts Avenue. Mrs. A. Harding received for her son. The prizes were won by Mrs. Charles G. Roberts and Mr. Frank Rogers, and booby prizes by Miss Spinks and Mr. Bell. Refreshments were served, the centerpiece on the table being red and white carnations.

Each guest responded to a toast, Mrs. Spinker receiving the prize for the most original remarks. Each one present received a souvenir, which was detached in turn from a Japanese umbrella suspended from the chandelier.

The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. G. Spinker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Roberts, Mr. R. Bell, Miss Carrie Watt, Mr. F. Powers, Miss A. Bennett, Mr. Melling, Miss L. Burch, Mr. W. Swart, Miss Eva Bell, and Miss Spinks.

GOSSIP AND CHAT HEARD IN WASHINGTON HOTEL LOBBIES.

Faced Leadin' Hall.

Col. J. P. Effe, who commanded the Third Tennessee Regiment in the Spanish war, and who is now a popular newspaper man of Chattanooga, was seen last evening at the Ebbitt.

Colonel Effe played an important part in the memorable Coal Creek strike troubles that approached almost a state of civil war in the mountains of Tennessee a few years ago. He had been left in command of not over 100 of the State militia when his force was attacked in an entrenched position by more than 1,000 of the striking miners. In that critical time the young officer displayed the gallantry and coolness of a veteran.

He refused the demands of the strikers that ordered his surrender, and, though fearfully outnumbered, answered the leaden missiles of his assailants with no thought of giving in. On the second day of the fight re-enforcements came up, and the strikers were glad to clear out, with thirty or forty men killed, while the State troops had but two slain.

In speaking of political conditions in Tennessee, Colonel Effe said:

"The next Governor of our State will be James B. Frazier, of Chattanooga. He is a man of the finest character, a lawyer of great ability, and a Democrat who commands the esteem and good will of his political enemies. He will be elected by an unusually heavy majority."

"If there should be a primary election for United States Senator, ex-Governor Bob Taylor will be almost certainly in the race, and no other candidate would have a show against him. Governor Taylor is shy about declaring his intention, but his friends think that when the hour arrives he will conclude to enter the arena."

Sees Democratic Success.

"I am optimistic on the prospects of Democratic success everywhere except as to my own State," remarked Col. James Hamilton Lewis, orator, lawyer, modern Chesterfield, and erstwhile Congressman from Washington, at the New Willard.

"The State of Washington is, I fear, at least for the present, welded to its Republican idols, but that won't avail against the general verdict that will sweep the Republican party out of power. As to the House, next November, and as to the White House, in 1904, I make that prophecy here and now, without qualification."

"If the conservative element of the Democratic party gets in control, my belief is that Hon. Richard Olney, of Massachusetts, will be the standard-bearer; if the liberals, that is to say, those who favor government ownership or control of public utilities, predominate, they will be apt to nominate Tom Johnson, of Ohio, and no man would be more acceptable to the mass of Democratic voters."

Surprised His Friends.

News has been received in this city of the marriage of Miss Jennie Gusdorf, of Baltimore, to Mr. Louis Wolfman, of this city. Mr. Wolfman left this city Saturday on business, and his friends received news of his wedding Sunday. Mr. Wolfman is a very popular young man.

Returned to Her Duties.

Miss Elizabeth Wilson, a clerk in the office of the District Attorney, who has been ill for several days, is out again. She was at her desk in the City Hall yesterday.

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's Dinner.

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor entertained a dinner company last night, when his guests were gentlemen friends invited to celebrate the thirty-seventh birthday of the host.

Guests of Miss Kent.

Miss Kent, of East Capitol Street, has as her guests the Misses Wilson, of Dundas, Canada.

Dance for Young People.